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A

SHORT ACCOUNT

OF THE

LIFE AND DEATH

OF

JANE NEWLAND,

Of D U B L I N,

Who departed this Life, October 22, 1789.

THIRD EDITION.



L O N D O N:

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An ACCOUNT, &c.

JANE NEWLAND was born in *Dublin*, October the 25th, 1757. She was little troubled about religion, till in the year 1770, she was brought to hear the Methodists. From this time she began to seek the Lord with her whole heart; and the Lord heard her cry, and applied those words of *Isaiah* to her soul, "Arise, Thine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." She walked from this time in full light for six months. Then, said she, the Lord shewed me that I should go out among the sinners, and pluck brands out of the burning. I felt myself altogether unfit for the task: but while I was at prayer, these words came with great power, "I will be with thee." I got up, determined to go wherever the Lord should send me. I began to visit my neighbours; and soon found some good done, which greatly encouraged me. I soon got a few to meet together for prayer, and they increased till my sisters and I had three prayer-meetings in a week. At these prayer-meetings some were convinced of sin, others justified; and some cleansed from all sin. I now also began to visit the sick and the distressed from house to house. And I rejoiced more in visiting these than in eating my daily bread. This has been my employment for more than ten years. Yet I lament

ment that I have not done more for my Lord!
O how sweet are those words!

“ Let me into nothing fall?
Let my Lord be all in all!”

What thankfulness do I feel, that I never lost the witness of the Spirit since I was justified! From that time my conscience was as tender as the apple of an eye. Yet above four years ago I was made deeply sensible, that I was not entirely holy, and languished day and night, for all the mind that was in Christ. The language of my heart then was,

“ 'Tis worse than death my God to love,
And not my God alone.”

I pleaded the promise, and wrestled with the Lord day and night, till he destroyed the carnal mind, and filled my soul with his fulness: at which time I was so overwhelmed with his power, that I sat for two hours, and hardly knew, whether I was in the body or not. Yet I was not exempt from trials, even of the most painful nature; but God brought me safe through all.

The first acquaintance, says one of her intimate friends, which I had with her, was at a prayer-meeting: being much affected with her fervor in prayer, I contracted an acquaintance with her, and found many blessings, both by her prayers and example. She carried me with her to the beds of the sick and distressed, and to the Hospitals and Infir-

maries. No intreaties, no weather, no weakness, if she was able to stir out of bed, detained her at home. And however ill she was, when she came to the place, she was full of zeal and power as if she had been in perfect health. She appeared always weighed down with a sense of the misery of those who knew not God. And nothing but zeal for the salvation of souls could have supported her, through her continued labours. She had a variety of trials : many of our own Society blamed her conduct as not believing her called to this : but she believed it was her duty, and therefore steadily persevered therein. She was a person of one business, and seemed to live but for one end. Meantime, her strength, her body, her soul, were all devoted to that one point, *of going about doing good* to her fellow-creatures. She was always serious and solemn, and uninterruptedly enjoyed perfect love. I never heard her join in any conversation that was not spiritual.

Between two and three months before her last illness, she wrote to a friend as follows :

“ Last Sunday was a day of great peace to my soul. I sat in heavenly places with Jesus. My hope was full of immortality, and I longed to depart and be with Christ, which is far better than life. What lies nearest my heart is the prosperity of Zion. O my dear, let us endeavour to live by faith. This, I see, is the most excellent way. I am divinely led to come just as I am, a poor sinner,

ner, to the foot of the Cross, ever feeling I have nothing to pay. I rejoice that I am a dependent creature, that I can say, "Every moment, Lord, I want the merit of thy death." I see much beauty in these words, "He was strong in faith, giving glory to God." Let us be but strong in faith, and we can do every thing.

"Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, It shall be done."

I beseech you, use the talent God has given you. Speak for the honour of Jesus wherever you are. Let your light shine. For whoever confesses him before men, them will he confess before his Father and his holy angels. In a little time our habitation here will know us no more. In a few days this dream of life will be at an end. While we are in this world, let us do all the good we can. O pray for me! I feel I am less than the least of all.

"I have been very ill since I wrote last. One night in particular I seemed to be so near death, that my friends were sent for to take their last farewell of me; and while my mother and they sat round my bed weeping, I could do nothing but rejoice, and sing Hallelujah. The thought of being soon with my Beloved, ravished my soul. The thought of dying took away every care. Jesus came to me as a sweet Friend, and brought the promises to my mind. I fed upon them, and felt they were all mine; particularly that,
"In my Father's house are many mansions: if it

were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am, there ye may be also." But my friends would not let me go: they prayed for me, they wrestled, and like Jacob, they prevailed. In that moment I felt myself better, and still continue to gather strength.

"When the physician came and told me, I must not meet my Classes or my Bands, (as at that time I was spitting blood) it wounded me to the heart. But I soon saw the Lord could do without such a worm. But why is this, my dear, that many of our people lie like a weight upon my heart? O when will the Society be like a flame of fire! I pant to see us all such as the first Christians were, "full of faith and of the Holy Ghost." Well, let you and I draw each other into God by faith and prayer. I see nothing brings me nearer to God, than meditating on the humility, patience and death of Christ, who made himself of no reputation, took upon him the form of a servant, and became obedient to the death of the cross. We do not think half enough of the death of Christ. O the death of Christ! the death of Christ! Let us gaze upon him, till we fully take the stamp divine."

About the 10th of August a Fever fell upon her nerves, from which she partly recovered in a fortnight; but a weakness remained attended with a violent cough and pain in her side, which terminated in her death.

During her illness she expressed herself at different times in the following manner: "I am

now

now going into eternity. Zion has been all my care. My cry has ever been, "Lord, prosper Zion!" I have often felt so much for its prosperity, that I have thought my heart would break. O how have I mourned over the careless! I feel a hope that God will bless the Methodists more powerfully. I love them; they are near my heart. "Come let us languish for more of the love of Christ. Let us not be content, till we bathe in that ocean—till we are lost and swallowed up in God. O the delightful days I now spend! My all is gone into eternity: and the language of my heart is, Lord, let me hear, see, and feel nothing but thee! My soul is ravished with the thought, that I shall shortly be with my dear Lord. He has been pleased to shew me great things of late. I have been so led to view the glories of the invisible world, that I have often desired neither to see nor hear any person or thing around me. One day in particular, I was apparently in a swoon, and felt as if the curtain was raised, and I was permitted to view my Beloved on the throne, and the Elders, Cherubim, and Seraphim, and all the Company, falling down before him, and crying, the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth! Hallelujah! I was quite overcome, and could say nothing but; O the Glory! O the Glory! I still feel much of this divine frame, rejoicing, and longing to be gone. I feel my Spirit united to those of the invisible world, and see the angels rejoicing to meet me. They shout the Redeemer, and I shall partake of the Song which now overcomes me. O glorious thought! Who would
not

not wish to die ! Once I thought I could not leave my friends, they were so dear to me, but now I can with joy bid them all farewell. O Jesus, what hast thou done for me ! Glory, eternal glory to Thee, that ever I was born to taste such joys ! O that all the world knew them !”

“ Who is like Jeshurun’s God
So great, so strong, so high ?”

“ O the unsearchable riches of Christ ! Help me to praise him.

“ O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free ;
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me !”

“ I dreamed a few nights ago that I heard a voice say, “ as soon as your death-warrant is sealed, there will be a shout of joy through all heaven.” I am now drawing very near to eternity ; and the thought of dying delights my soul.”

At another time she said, “ O God, how good thou art ! When shall I see thy face in glory !” After a pause she added, “ Let all the earth shout the Redeemer. Hallelujah !”

She then fell into a convulsive fit, and when it abated she cried “ O for a burst of praise ! Happy day on which I was born ; and blessed be the day, when I knew the Lord, my Life, my Treasure !” Soon after, she said, “ Prosperity to Zion ! Let all the earth acknowledge the Lord !”

The

The fit now returned with great violence; and after a hard struggle, she said, "all my pains will soon be changed into praises."

Seeing her mother standing by her side, she looked stedfastly at her, and grasping her hand said, "I am going to leave you, but God will be your friend. It is a great comfort that I am not afraid to die. I feel no more at the thoughts of death, than at lying on this bed." She then sung

"Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'll break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Will bear me conqueror through."—

And immediately added, "I will shout victory, victory, when I get the other side of Jordan." At which she seemed to gather new life, and cried out as in an extasy, "O glorious eternity! glorious eternity!" To a friend who was supporting her, she said, "It is an easy matter for the Lord to release an helpless worm. He can heal by a touch. Come to him now: forget all that is past, and come a helpless sinner to the wounds of Jesus. Believe, and plead the promises. It will bring glory to God to believe in him to-night. One day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. O plead the promises this instant, and cry out, bless me now, O my Father: this will increase your faith."

After

After a severe fit, she said, "He is my God and my all ! I may well say, He has not forsaken me in my distress. God is Love ! God is Love ! How sweetly could I fall asleep in his arms ; but I will not be anxious. His will be done." After a short sleep, she repeated these lines,

" Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into Life."

And then she cried in a joyful tone, " I shall soon be at rest. O it is a pleasing thought that I am so near my home !"

The fits now became very frequent, as well as extremely violent. After getting a little ease, she said, " I will tell them on the heavenly shore, you are all hastening home." She paused, and then added, " Shout the name I love ! Sweet Jesus ! precious Jesus ! O my loving Saviour, I had no idea of the great things thou hast done for my soul ! I have not been tempted or tried since I had the fever. I have felt the greatest calmness of soul ever since : for I knew that my work was finished." After which she repeated Rev. iii. 10. "*Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation which shall come upon all the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth.*"

Whilst one was speaking to her of the rest she should shortly enjoy, she calmly said,

" I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore ;
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore."

She

She was now so weak that her voice failed her for some time ; but recovering it again, she said, " Who would not live to God in their health ! " and then with seeming solitude, " O what delays his chariot-wheels ? " Being asked whether she found Jesus precious, she replied, " Lovely, altogether lovely ! Help me to praise him. " She then added, " My tongue grows thick : that is delightful : every thing which brings me nearer eternity, increases my joy. " She then cried with a strong voice, " The Lord omnipotent reigneth ! Sing to the Lord a joyful song. Let all the earth praise him ! Glory, honour and power be to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb, for ever and ever. "

The day before her death, she said, " I rejoice in my greatest sufferings. I have a view this moment of angels waiting for me, and I feel an inexpressible union with them. "

To one who stood near her, she said, " Give your whole heart to Christ, and then you will be happy in life, and happy when you come to die ; which is very awful without being full of God. " After being silent for some moments, she cried with joy in her countenance, " The work is finished. "

The morning of the day on which she died, she said, " Come, Lord Jesus, and let me behold thy glory. What are all my sufferings now I am come to a death-bed ? My breath will not admit of time to talk of any thing but Jesus. "

After awaking from a short sleep, she said,

" Whenever

"Whenever I fall into a slumber, I dream of divine things. Just now I thought I was in a delightful pasture conversing with one who said, "You shall finish your course this day." I am exceedingly composed: I do not feel a pain. This indeed is victory. My life is hid with Christ. I shall soon be wafted far above on the wings of angels."

Looking at her mother, she said, "Think of your soul. I am dying: and what should I do, if I had not Christ."

She asked what o'clock it was; and being told it was ten, replied with a degree of surprize, "What! ten, and not gone yet." And then she added in a soft voice, "I am going to glory."

One who came to see her, repeated these words, "O the pain, the bliss of dying." She answered, "The bliss! the bliss! the pain is nothing:" though at that time her pains were exquisite.

Between twelve and one she desired to be turned in her bed; which being done, she said, "I am now easy. Then looking stedfastly on her mother, she pressed her hand, and added, "I have fought the good fight." These were her last words: after which she lay quiet for near twenty minutes, and then, without a struggle or a groan, sweetly fell asleep in Jesus the 22d of Oct. 1789.

"Thus lived, and thus died, *Jane Newland*. May my last end be like her's!"

